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THE TRANSFORMERS

ALL HAIL MEGATRON

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THE TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

FALL OF MEGATRON

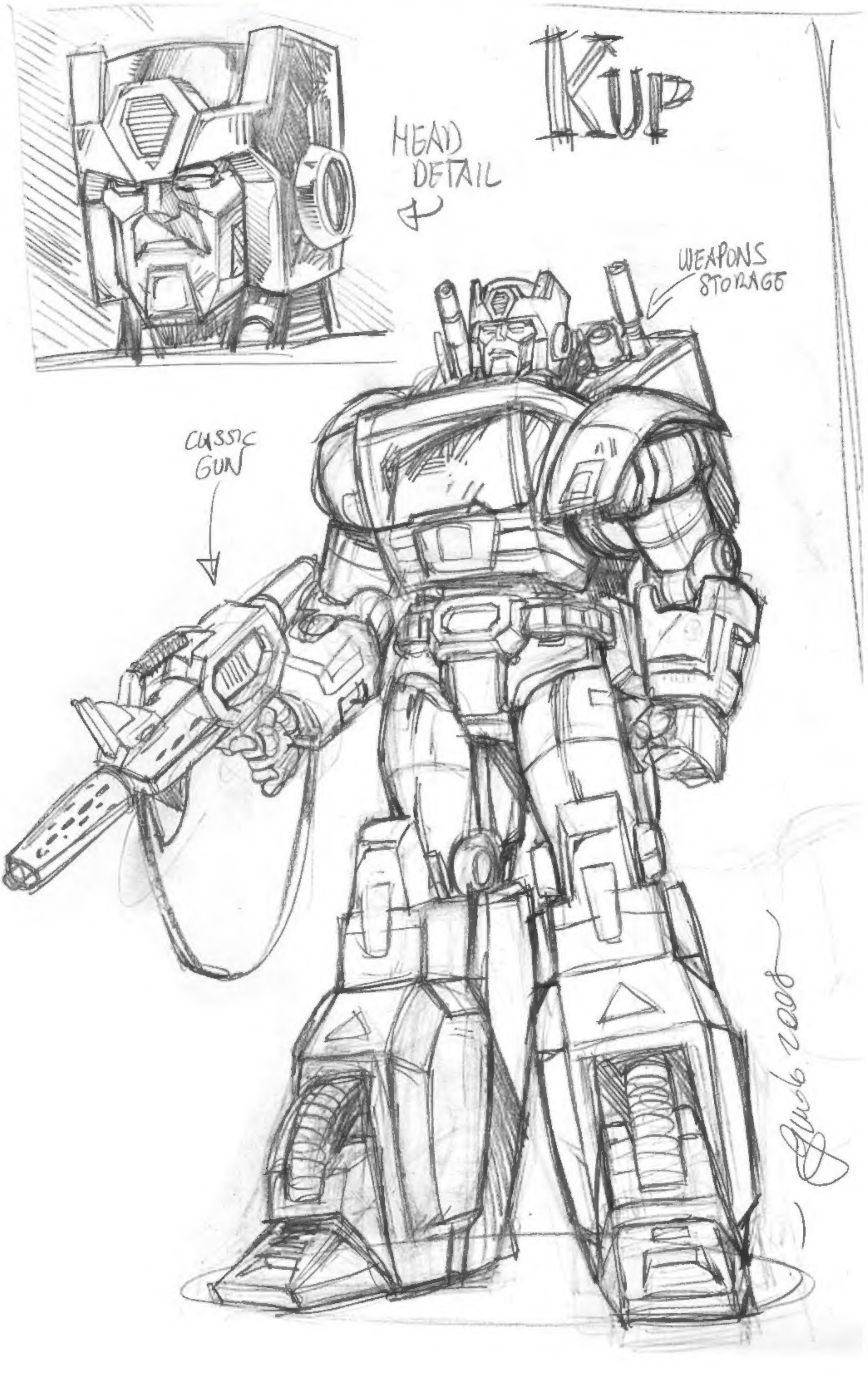
6

Shane McCarthy
Guido Guidi

THE TRANSFORMERS

ALL HAIL MEGATRON

#6
CVR RI



THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #6

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

The two groups of Autobots trapped on Cybertron, one led by Kup the other Jazz, have joined forces. However what should have been a joyous reunion was sullied by old feuds, news of a traitor on the team, and the revelation that Megatron now possesses the Autobot Matrix of Leadership.

Meanwhile, on Earth, the military has planned a high-risk mission to assassinate Megatron. To do this they enlisted the aid of Spike Witwicky and his team of Navy SEALs. Father and son were reunited as Sparkplug prepared them for what lays ahead.

Sadly, mere minutes into their task, Spike and his men were slaughtered by Ratbat as they attempted to cross the river to New York.

As Sparkplug wrestles with the guilt of having sent his son to his death, Spike secretly managed to survive and silently slipped into the city unnoticed...

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SO THAT'S WHY HE THINKS HE'S WON.

HE'S FINALLY DONE IT. HE KILLS TWO PRIMES, AND ONLY NOW, FACING HIS THIRD, HE MANAGES TO TAKE AWAY THE MATRIX.

NONE OF THE OTHERS SAW HIM TAKE IT?

PROWL KNOWS. RATCHET—

NO ONE SAW?

IT WAS CHAOTIC.

CHAOTIC.

SO HE ESCALATES ATTACKS ACROSS THE GALAXY, WE'RE STRETCHED THIN... HE FINDS AN INSIDER.

RIGHT. HOW THAT HAPPENED I'M DYING TO KNOW.

SOMEONE WILLING TO SELL US OUT.

THIS INSIDER GIVES HIM INFORMATION, CODES—A WAY INTO OUR SYSTEMS.

YOU KEEP MENTIONING CODES. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THE TRION WAS INVADED—

INVADED?

THEY FOUND A WAY INTO OUR SYSTEMS AND SHUT US DOWN. SHIELDS, CONTROLS, EVERYTHING.

MUST'VE BEEN DOING THE SAME THING ACROSS THE GALAXY.

BEFORE WE WENT DOWN, BEFORE THE ATTACK, WE'D RECEIVED CALLS, DISTRESS CALLS FROM ALL OVER.

AUTOBOT OUTPOSTS BEING INVADED. SHIELDS AND DEFENSES SHUT DOWN...

...MASSACRES.

LISTEN.
I'VE MADE A DECISION. I'M MAKING YOU MY SECOND IN COMMAND.
WHAT ABOUT SPRINGER?
SORRY, I GOT CAUGHT UP.
SPRINGER'S YOUR SECOND ISN'T HE?
WE'RE MERGING THE UNITS. SPRINGER'S A BIG BOY, HE'LL HANDLE IT.
JAZZ WILL MAKE YOU PROUD, SIR.
WILL HE NOW? THIS IS ME ALL PROUD IS IT? I'M UNDER YOUR WING?
JAZZ—
WHAT NEXT? I'LL BECOME ANOTHER ONE OF KUP'S LITTLE SOLDIERS?
WE DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY—
THAT'S *ONE* WAY OF PUTTING IT.
HEY, HEY—
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?! GOING AROUND ACTING ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY...
...YOU THINK MY MEN ARE MILITANT?
YOU'RE—
WE GET THE JOB DONE, AND FROM WHAT I HEAR SO DO YOU.
YOU THINK I HAVEN'T READ YOUR FILES? THINK YOUR MISSIONS STAY TOP SECRET?
I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SO YOU CAN STICK YOUR ATTITUDE UP YOUR TAIL PIPE.
YOU KNOW, I ACTUALLY CAME OUT HERE TO HELP.
IT'S WHAT I DO.
YEAH.
THANKS.
DON'T MENTION IT.

ISRAEL.

WHERE TO NOW?

STARSCREAM.

AGAIN I FIND YOU ALONE. ARE YOU A COMMANDER OR—

DID YOU ENJOY THE PARADE? I KNOW I DID.

PARADE?

OUR GRAND MARCH OF DESTRUCTION THROUGH THIS CITY—ALL THAT SHOW... YOUR BEAUTIFUL SPEECHES.

MEGATRON: WORLD CONQUERER. WARRIOR KING...

...POET.

WHERE TO NOW?

WE'VE WON. WE'VE SUCCEEDED IN DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE... OR WHAT SEEMED TO BE.

YOU'VE PROVEN YOUR POINT: WE WIN, THEY LOSE. YOUR PHILOSOPHY—

AGAIN, STARSCREAM?

"THE MIGHTY SHOULD RULE."

YOU AND I FIND OURSELVES HERE *AGAIN*?

"THE STRONG SHOULD CONQUER."

ENOUGH!

WE'RE VICTORIOUS IN OUR WAR. YEARS, COUNTLESS YEARS OF FIGHTING... OVER.

WE SUCCEED, AND FOR WHAT? TO KILL HUMANS? DESTROY CITIES?

WHERE. TO. NOW?!

COUNTLESS YEARS, YOU'RE RIGHT. COUNTLESS YEARS, ENDLESS YEARS.

STRUGGLE WITHOUT END.

DEATH. DESTRUCTION. TORMENT.

AT LAST WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE EMBRACE OF VICTORY. AND NOW, AFTER SO MANY YEARS, THE TIME TO SAVOR IS UPON US.

SAVOR.

YOU ARE WARRIORS, STARSCREAM, TAKE YOUR DUES. ENJOY THE MOMENT.

A REWARD THEN? THIS IS A REWARD?

I AM A FOOL. BECAUSE TO ME THIS LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE A DISTRACTION.

BEIJING, CHINA.

IN THE PAST HOUR I'VE SINGLE-HANDEDLY KILLED JUST UNDER HALF THE POPULATION OF THIS CITY.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D HAVE A PROBLEM KILLING YOU?

TOUCHY.

KILLING THESE CREATURES IS MEANT TO BE IMPRESSIVE THEN? STRANGE NOTION, THEY'RE SO SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT, LIKE—

BUGS? *YOU'RE* A BUG.

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRESSIVE? A BUG?

REMARKABLY ELOQUENT, AREN'T YOU.

CRITICIZING ANOTHER'S FORM... TSK TSK. VULGAR.

EL—WHAT?

AND FROM ONE OF THE IDENTICAL TIN SOLDIERS NO LESS.

TIN—

WE PAY HOMAGE TO OUR COMMANDER'S FORM. IT'S THE SEEKERS' WAY.

LIKE *YOU* RESPECT HIM.

THE *SEEKERS*. MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD DOES IT, BEING A SEEKER? BEING REWARDED? CHERISHED?

YOU *ANNOY* ME. SINCE DAY ONE, YOU *ANNOY* ME. YOUR LITTLE MIND GAMES WON'T WORK.

YES, AND WITH GOOD REASON.

IF YOU THINK THE DECEPTICONS WILL EVER REALLY ACCEPT WEAK, TWISTED MALFUNCTIONS LIKE YOU, *BUG*, YOU'RE IN FOR A SHOCK.

LOOK AT YOU.

WEAK.

SCARED.

DESPERATELY WANTING TO FEEL SUPERIOR, TO BE A PART OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

HOW TRAGIC THAT AT THE END OF IT ALL YOU'RE CAST ASIDE...

...OR HAVE YOU FAILED TO NOTICE HIS NEW FAVORITES?

THOSE SADISTIC ENGINEERS SCURRYING ABOUT, DOING HIS BIDDING.

THE SEEKERS. MEGATRON'S ELITE GUARD.

NOT ANYMORE.

DO IT.

YOU TAKE ON ONE, YOU TAKE ON US ALL.

I WON'T HOLD BACK LIKE HE DID.

YOU TAKE ON ONE, YOU TAKE ON US ALL HEH.

TELEPORTATION, MORONS.

THAT—*YERH!* THAT FELT *GOOD*. HAHA.

RUN!

I *HATE* THOSE THINGS.

HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF THEM DID WE SPIT OUT AND, WHAT, ONLY THREE WERE ANY GOOD?

STARTIN' SOMETHING WITH ME.

...SHOULD'VE DUMPED 'EM ON CYBERTRON WITH THE REST.

WHAT?

NOTHING.

NOT NOTHING.

COME ON. THAT WAS—OLD TIMES! THAT WAS LIKE OLD TIMES.

IT GOT YOU GOING DIDN'T IT? ALL YOU DO IS WALK AROUND. I'VE DONE ALL THIS BY MYSELF!

IT'S—WHERE'S THE FUN IN DOING THIS BY MYSELF?

"...I'M STARTING TO FEEL ALL ALONE OUT HERE."

YOU KNOW, BETWEEN YOU BEING ALL—LIKE THIS—AND STARSCREAM HARDLY EVER SHOWING UP...

ARE YOU GOING TO TELL THEM? THE MATRIX—

NO.

NOT YET.

WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH A LOT.

I WONDER SOMETIMES HOW MUCH WE CAN ACTUALLY TAKE. HOW MUCH WE'RE BUILT TO HANDLE

CENTURIES, MILLENNIA, ENDLESS FIGHTING. NO HOMELAND. NOWHERE TO REST

EVERY STEP TAKES US FURTHER FROM WHAT WE SOUGHT TO DEFEND... WHO WE ARE... WHAT WE STAND FOR.

FOR A LOT OF US, ALL THAT'S LEFT. ALL THAT CONNECTS US TO THAT, THAT—

PURITY.

YEAH. PURITY ALL THAT CONNECTS US TO THAT IS THE MATRIX.

FOR SOME OF US—WHAT WE'VE SACRIFICED—WE NEED SOMETHING BIGGER TO HOLD ONTO.

THEY NEED TO KNOW, EVENTUALLY, BUT NOT NOW.

WE NEED TO WAIT.

THIS WHOLE WAR STARTED OVER THE MATRIX AND WHAT IT REPRESENTED.

SOME OF THEM, MAYBE ALL OF THEM, WILL SEE THIS AS THE END.

IT *IS* THE END.

NO.

SURELY—

WE STILL HAVE PRIME.

"MEGATRON CAN'T DESTROY THE MATRIX.

"IT'S OLD. OLDER THAN ANY OF US.

"AS LONG AS WE HAVE PRIME THE LINE CAN'T BE BROKEN.

"HE THINKS PRIME'S DEAD. HE THINKS WE'VE BEEN SET ADRIFT.

"FOR ALL OF RECORDED HISTORY A PRIME HAS GUIDED CYBERTRON.

"A LEADER THAT REPRESENTED A HIGHER IDEAL.

"A LEADER CHOSEN BY THE MATRIX...

"OUR BELIEF IN SOMETHING GREATER THAN OURSELVES IS WHAT SETS US APART FROM THE DECEPTICONS."

AS THIS WAR RAGES, LINES BLUR, PROMISES ARE BROKEN... TO EACH OTHER.. TO OURSELVES.

THE MATRIX IS OUR CONNECTION...

...IT'S OUR WAY BACK.

IF WE LOST BOTH—THE MATRIX *AND* PRIME—WELL...

...HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE?

BEFORE OLD ARGUMENTS BECOME FUEDS...

"...BEFORE FUEDS BECOME BATTLES...

"...BEFORE BATTLES GAVE WAY TO NEW FACTIONS."

WE WERE STORING OUR ENERGON IN THE—WELL, THERE WAS A *SLIM* HOPE OF REBUILDING THE SHIP.

PRIME'S OUR FOCUS NOW.

BUT THE TRION—

IS DEAD.

DEAD.

THAT SLIM HOPE WAS NEVER GOING TO BE A REALITY.

WE FIX PRIME. WE REGROUP.

AND YOU.

ARGUMENTS ARE OVER. SORT YOURSELF OUT. FOLLOW THE CHAIN OF COMMAND.

CLEAR?

CLEAR.

"THE LAST THING I WANT RIGHT NOW IS ANYTHING THAT EVEN *RESEMBLES* A MUTINY."

HEY.

HEY, IRONHIDE.

ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS GETTING MY HANDS ON ONE OF 'EM.

DECEPTICONS?

YEAH.

YEAH

THEY SHOT US DOWN.

I HEARD.

I DIDN'T GET TO FIRE BACK, NOT ONCE. THEY BEAT US... NO FIGHT... NOTHING.

YEAH

SO FRUSTRATING.

ROADBUSTER, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU—

WHAT?

KUUUP!

THE SWARM.

HOW MANY?

SCOUTS—THERE'S BOUND TO BE MORE.

JUST THE ONE.

IT'S SEEN US, WE CAN'T LET IT GET BACK TO THE OTHERS—

TAKEN CARE OF.

WHAT—

IT'S TAKEN CARE OF.

DRIFT.

HELLO.

HSSSS!

THAT WAS SCARY.

PERCEPTOR—*PERCEPTOR* IS SCARY. WHEN DID PERCEPTOR BECOME SCARY?

THAT WAS SO COOL

IT'S TOO RISKY HERE.

MEGATRON'S CREATURES WILL BE ON US BEFORE WE KNOW IT, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO SIT HERE WAITING TO BE EATEN ALIVE.

KEEP DRIFT ON PATROL. WE NEED TO MOVE OUT, *NOW*.

YOU ONLY HAVE YOURSELF TO BLAME.

YOU BUILT YOURSELF AN ARMY—FOLLOWERS—FED THEM ON DOCTRINE—

EVEN IN VICTORY YOU CANNOT FIND CONTENTMENT.

HOW LONG BEFORE THEY TURN ON YOU THINK?

WHEN THEY REALIZE THIS BATTLE IS GOING NOWHERE? MAYBE THEN?

CYBERTRON IS GONE.

THIS WORLD WILL BECOME OUR NEW SEAT OF POWER. GALACTIC CONQUEST. DOMINATION.

"THIS BATTLE IS GOING NOWHERE"? THIS BATTLE IS FOR THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE.

WE HAVE TAKEN A CITY IN THEIR MOST POWERFUL OF NATIONS, ONE OF SIGNIFICANT STRATEGIC PLACEMENT.

BY HOLDING THEIR PEOPLE TO RANSOM WE GUARANTEED HESITATION.

LIKE THE AUTOBOTS THEY BELIEVE IN THE SANCTITY OF LIFE—

OUR CRUISERS COULD HAVE ANNIHILATED THEM FROM SPACE.

INDEED.

AND WHAT OF THE SENSE OF ENJOYMENT... THE *CHALLENGE*?

FEAR. TERROR. OR ARE YOU NOT THE "MASTER OF THESE THINGS"?

YOU'RE STALLING.

WE'VE BEATEN THE ONLY REAL THREAT WE'VE EVER FACED.

I CAN SEE WHAT'S COMING, SO CAN YOU.

WHO WILL IT BE? SCOURGE?

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE WORST MOVE YOU COULD HAVE MADE WOULD BE TO WIN?

LORD MEGATRON.

WE WERE LOOKING EVERYWHERE. YOU VANISHED.

I WISHED TO BE ALONE.

ALONE?

TO THINK.

TO... PREPARE.

YOU DON'T HAVE ONE OF SOUNDWAVE'S CASSETTES WITH YOU.

YOU TOLD US, AT ALL TIMES WE NEEDED—

YES.

WITHOUT THE CASSETTE'S INTERFERENCE, THE HUMAN'S GUIDED MISSILES—

BLITZWING, PLEASE...

...I AM MEGATRON.

THESE CREATURES ARE OF NO THREAT TO ME.

VERSAILLES, FRANCE.

HE IS TWO YEARS OF AGE AND ALREADY STRONG AS A MAN.

THIS IS GOOD TEA.

OF COURSE. IT IS *MARIAGE*.

I AM VERY MUCH LOOKING FORWARD TO WATCHING ANTON GROW.

YOU LOOK PROUD.

I FEEL IT.

IS THERE HONEY?

NO. YOU WILL NOT HAVE HONEY IN THIS TEA.

BUT I LIKE HONEY.

GENTLEMEN, SHALL WE?

THE AMERICANS ARE LOST, THEIR COUNTRY BELONGS TO THE INVADERS.

THIS IS ALMOST TOO MUCH TO IMAGINE, IS IT NOT?

AGREED, AND YET THE MADNESS SPREADS ACROSS THE GLOBE.

AS YOU KNOW, BEIJING IS NO MORE, AND REPORTS OF ATTACKS ARE JUST NOW COMING IN FROM ISRAEL AND OTHERS.

WITH THE COMBINED RESOURCES OF OUR UNITED COUNTRIES, WE ARE PREPARED TO MAKE A POWERFUL COUNTERSTRIKE.

WE HAVE HAD TIME TO ASSESS, PLAN, AND PREPARE.

A LUXURY THAT WAS NOT ENJOYED BY OTHERS.

BY SECURING A FOOTHOLD IN NEW YORK, THE ALIENS WERE ABLE TO LAUNCH CRIPPLING ATTACKS ON ALL MILITARY BASES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS STRONGHOLD ***MUST*** BE TAKEN FROM THEM.

WE CAN GUARANTEE THEY WILL ALL BE WITHIN THE CITY?

THE ATTACK WILL SEE TO IT.

THEY WILL REGROUP, DEFEND.

AND THE OTHER COUNTRIES?

NO ONE KNOWS OF THIS PLAN BUT US.

THIS—WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED—THIS WILL HAPPEN AMIDST THE COMBINED ATTACK.

"WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED"? SAY IT. CALL IT WHAT IT IS.

MILLIONS UPON *MILLIONS* OF LIVES—

IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY?

THEY MUST BE STOPPED. OUR COUNTRIES, OUR *PEOPLE*—

OUR CHILDREN.

OUR *GRANDCHILDREN.*

THIS IS MURDER.

THEIR MADNESS SPREADS.

THE BOMB IS OUR ONLY SOLUTION.

THEN IT IS AGREED.

NEW YORK MUST BE DESTROYED.

CONTINUED...